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LETTERS FROM ITALY.—[Concluded from p. 87.]

From the Edinburgh Magazine, for May, 1818.

Florence 24th, February.

I SHALL set out for Rome on the 27th or 28th. To-day I learned that our route was uncertain,—either by Sienna or Perugia, but which I do not know. It was to have been by Sienna, but the Perugia road is better, and more interesting.

I have visited the Laurentian chapel and library. I had been told that in that library was a very curious manuscript, containing the remarks of Cosmo the Third upon England, written during his travels in that country about the middle of the 17th century, and containing also a number of drawings, executed by a painter whom he carried with him. I also learned that a certain Lord ——— was negotiating for a copy of this curious and valuable MS. and copies of the drawings, and that the whole would be published in London at no very distant period. Being (from dearly bought experience) rather inclined to trust to my own senses, than to other people's sayings, I went, on the 18th instant, to the library, in order to see the MS. in question, and to make such inquiries as I thought proper;—I did see it. It is an enormous volume, bound in red Morocco, and opening lengthways. It contains a great number of drawings in *Indian ink*, of different cities, and towns, and re-

markable buildings, &c. in England, as they appeared to the eyes of Cosmo the Third, and his painter, in the year 1669. On the pages opposite to each drawing are Cosmo's remarks upon the place drawn; and a regular journal is carried on through the whole volume regarding the places which he visited, the remarkable persons with whom he met and conversed, and his remarks upon men and things as they appeared to him in England at that period. There is, however, less writing in the volume than I expected to find. One of the largest drawings represents the city of London minutely delineated, as seen from the opposite bank of the Thames. I presume the view was taken from St. Georgie's Fields, as the city seems to have been then confined to one side of the river. I asked the librarian if it was permitted to copy any of the MS. or any of the drawings in the volume. "No; the Grand Duke would not allow that." "Was no part of the volume ever copied by any body?" "Yes; the Grand Duke yielded so far to the entreaties of the English ambassador," (Lord Burghersh I suppose,) "as to permit him to copy four of the drawings last year." "Would the vol. never be published in any part of the Continent, or in England?"

"No; the Grand Duke had positively declared that it should not be published." Here is question and answer for you, you may draw your own conclusion. What a pity it is that this curious volume is condemned to remain unpublished? It is a very thick volume, and the one half of it consists of drawings. How many changes have taken place in the face of England since 1669! Not satisfied with what I heard about Cosmo's journey, I made the following extract from Galluzzi's History of the Grand Duchy of Tuscany.

[TRANSLATION.]

"Cosmo then went to Galicia, and, after having performed his devotions in Compostella, he crossed over to Corunna, where every thing was prepared for his passage to England. In order to complete the catalogue of disagreeable occurrences which the Prince had met with in the course of his travels, a storm at sea only was wanting, and he had scarcely left Corunna, when one came suddenly on, which drove him from his course towards Plymouth, and forced him to land in Ireland, at the port of Kinsale, at Santa Maria delle Sorlinghe. The storm having abated, he arrived safely at Plymouth on the 1st of April, 1669, where he was expected with great impatience by the Florentines who were settled in London. Besides the salutes of the batteries, and the compliments due to his rank, the Prince was surprised to find himself received in Plymouth with the shouts and exclamations of joy of an immense concourse of people, which he perceived to be an effect of the favourable manner in which the English were treated at Leghorn. Accompanied and served by the principal gentry of the country, he arrived in London, where he was met by a great number of persons of distinction, whom rumour and curiosity had attracted thither. England, under the fortunate reign of Charles the Second, was at the height of its prosperity. The affluence of commerce, by extinguishing fanaticism, and softening the ancient barbarism the people, had revived the arts, and encouraged the sciences,—knowledge was gradually extending,—the minds of the people were becoming more elevated,—and finally, a Sir Isaac Newton was preparing for Europe, in the footsteps of

Galileo. In this state did Cosmo find the English nation, which, already prepossessed in his favour by the glory of his father (Ferdinand the Second) and of his family, received him with every mark of the most sincere respect and regard. The King invited him immediately to Newmarket, where, under pretence of making him assist at a horse race, he laid aside all formal etiquette, and treated him with the greatest familiarity. The principal lords vied with each other in entertaining him at their magnificent and delightful country seats; and the whole people (although not completely freed from that ferocity which the civil wars had inspired) showed themselves respectful admirers of a Prince of the house of Medici. Thus favoured, he visited all the environs of London, and went to Cambridge, where, listening in the University to a lecture on the doctrine of Galileo, he heard at the same time an eulogium upon his own family. Upon his return to London, he received from the King new proofs of confidential friendship and familiarity; and, upon taking leave, he accompanied him to his lodgings, and supped with him after the Italian fashion. The Prince remained in England for almost three months, with unspeakable satisfaction; and having set out from London with the great love of all, accompanied by the King's orders, by two of the principal gentlemen of his Court, as far as the port of Harwich, he embarked there for Holland. After a passage of twenty hours, he arrived at Rotterdam, where he had the pleasure of finding il Feroni and the other Florentines who awaited him."

I went on Sunday last to hear the destruction of Jerusalem sung and played by Florentine amateurs in the church of San Firenze. It appeared to me to be a kind of Pasticcio not very well put together. I staid half an hour and had enough. The singers (men) had some of them good voices, and that kind of flexibility and natural taste which is common to the Italians. The instrumental performers were tolerably good, one or two respectable; but what spoiled all, and would have spoiled the musick of the spheres, was the wretched sound of an old cracked spinet or harpsichord

(heaven knows which) that was dashed upon by the outrageous fists of the thorough bass accompanier. At every aberration from the time (*very* frequent) this generalissimo came down souse upon the rattling bones, like a pair of old jack boots forsaking their ancient rusty nail, and lumbering down among all the jingling paraphernalia of the kitchen itself,—and then the belaboured wires of the instrument responded in a faint and dolorous tone, like that of a child's sixpenny organ. The performers were in the gallery, at one end of the church above the altar. This concert goes on every Sunday evening during Lent, and as it costs nothing to the audience, it is generally pretty well attended. Women are not admitted either to hear or to perform. Last night I went to the Pergola to hear the performers from Rome, who have just come. The opera was entitled *I Baccanali di Roma*, the musick by Pietro Generali. The principal singers were Signora Teresa Bertinotti, (our old acquaintance,) Signora Adelaide Malanotti, and Signora Botticelli; the principal tenor singer was ill, so could not appear, and his place was filled by a Signora N. N. Bertinotti is not able to do what she attempts, although her voice is still sweet. She understands her art well, but age has impaired her strength, and the flexibility of her voice. Signora

Malanotti is a good counter-tenor singer, but I do not like the quality of her voice, it is too reedy and instrumental; she is old too, about 50. Botticelli is a good enough bass. The substitute tenor was nothing at all, had no voice, and sung out of tune. The musick was good and pleasing. The scenery and decorations likewise good. But what can you expect for 2 Pauls (1s.) ahead paid by the audience?

To-day walking up to Bello Sguardo, from which you have a very fine and complete view of Florence and the surrounding country, I saw beds of French beans and peas in blossom. The sun was very warm, and the day clear and beautiful. Friday and Saturday last were perfect winter. The mountain tops all covered with snow, and snow falling in small quantities in the town, accompanied with a most biting north wind. Such is the variability of the Florentine climate at this season. The *Mal di Petto* is a common enough disorder here, a violent inflammation in the lungs, which generally carries them off in 48 hours. Observe, that the cold north wind is frequent here in the winter months, and often at the same time that this piercing wind freezes your blood on one side, the powerful rays of the sun set it a boiling on the other; no wonder then that severe colds are caught by careless people.

HISTORY OF A PIN—FROM THE FRENCH.

From *La Belle Assemblée*.

MADAME DE MAINTENON had received, as a present, from the Abbé Gobelin, her confessor, a pincushion, which fell, one day, out of her pocket, as she was paying a visit to the famous Ninon de L'Enclos. This lady, as curious as the rest of her sex, made Madame de Maintenon blush, by asking her a thousand embarrassing questions; as, where did she get that pincushion? Was it Villarceau who had given it her? Was it Chevreus? Was it the King himself?—No, it was the pious and holy director. Ninon was astonished. "I could never have imagined," said she, "that the Abbé Gobelin could have been capable of exciting my curiosity in such a manner: but

The History of a Pin.

has so fallen out, I will have the honour of placing the first pin in this pincushion. There is one, now, that I have stuck in this ribbon only to remind me that Lachatre is to visit me this evening; the placing this pin there first, will only serve to render the adventure more *piquant*."

See, then, the first pin in this pincushion belonging to the greatest prude about the court, placed there by the hand of the most celebrated courtesan in Paris. At this period, Madame de Montespan began to repent having introduced so dangerous a rival as Madame de Maintenon into the palace. One summer's day, during her promenade, the heat of the sun being more intense than usual, she found herself very much oppressed by it. Wishing also to conceal a few tears that, in spite of all her efforts, gushed from her eyes, she endeavoured to throw a gauze veil over her face, but the wind continually bore it upwards. Her temper, never of the best, did not require this contradiction to sour it; and she impatiently asked Madame de Maintenon to give her a pin, who, after looking over her pincushion, said, mildly, that she had not one: for she did not reckon the pin Ninon had given her, which, at that moment, fastened her neck-kerchief, and which her native modesty would not allow her to displace. "Pardon me, Madame," said the Marchioness de Montespan, angrily, "you have one, but you are so disagreeable to-day!" and so saying, she very imprudently snatched the pin which served to conceal the sacred charms of Madame de Maintenon. The amorous Louis was a spectator—and Madame de Montespan, in a rage at seeing, by the looks of the monarch, what was passing in his heart, and having wounded herself, by her haste, in her finger till the blood came, she vented all her ill-

humour on Madame de Maintenon, and threw the pin away with vexation. The King picked it up, and exclaimed, with his usual gallantry, "Henceforward this shall be mine, since it is stained with blood so precious as yours."

Very soon this famous pin again came into the hands of Madame de Maintenon; and it was on one fine day, that, as the hand of the monarch, after some resistance, had taken it from an envious handkerchief, that, by capitulation with the lady, he again became possessor of this memorable pin.

Louis XIV. placed it carefully in his casket of jewels, where it remained idle till that remarkable epoch when James II. King of England, betrayed by his subjects, was driven from his throne by the Prince of Orange, and went to take refuge at St. Germain, with the Queen and Prince of Wales. It is well known that Louis received him with magnificence, and yielded up his own apartment to the fallen monarch. As he was going to meet him, Madame de Maintenon, who regarded this moment as the most glorious in the King's life, wished to add to a diamond loop which fastened his hat, a plume of white feathers, tied with a ribbon on which she had embroidered the following words—*If James had been like Louis, his subjects would all have remained faithful*. This legend, which flattered at once the feelings and the vanity of the King, pleased him extremely; but he wished, in wearing it, to keep it secret. He, therefore, called to him Bontems, his favourite *valet-de-chambre*, told him to bring him his casket of jewels, and taking out, with that peculiar grace which belonged to him alone, the cherished pin, he said, "Madame, this only is worthy to fasten and conceal the precious words you have embroidered, and to which this mysterious pin will lend new charms." Ma-

dame de Maintenon cast down her eyes, fastened the ribbon with the pin, which, having fulfilled the use to which it was destined, was again replaced with care in the precious case, after the august monarch had consoled, on his throne, the unfortunate James, who had just abdicated his own.

We leave, for awhile, Louis XIV. to finish his reign, sometimes at the height of power and glory, at others within two inches of destruction. Let us pass over the period of the regency; and leave our pin lying idle in the late King's casket, either from forgetfulness or veneration, never having been employed during the whole of that time. We hasten towards the end of the reign of Louis XV. when the pin came again into employ through a very extraordinary adventure.

The ease and familiarity with which Madame de Barry behaved towards Louis XV. is well known: nothing was sacred from her sallies, whether idleness or folly were the motives which actuated her. One day after dinner, not knowing how to support a languid and desultory conversation, she took it into her head to open a closet, where the King kept a great number of curious articles belonging to his ancestors. Important and rare manuscripts, curiosities of different kinds; and all these things the favourite threw *pêle-mêle*, one over the other, notwithstanding all the remonstrances of the King, who, losing the monarch in the lover, had, for a long time, lost his dignity in an unbounded compliance with the will and fancies of his mistress. In the midst of this devastation, the jewel-casket of Louis XIV. fell from the hand of her to whom that refined monarch would never certainly have confided it. It was filled with the most beautiful diamonds, with an enamelled ring that had formerly belonged to Ma-

dame de Maintenon, and which was ornamented with all the heavenly attributes; and on the inside was engraven all that love and elegant wit could invent, in the most tender devices and amatory embellishments. There was, besides, a little cross of violet-coloured wood, made in memory of the revocation of the edict of Nantes, on which was engraven the names of Letellier, M. Pere Lachaise, and Madame de Maintenon, with the fatal date of the 10th of October, 1685. In one of the corners of the casket was a little case of amber, of exquisite workmanship, in which was enclosed the famous legend given to the King by Madame de Maintenon on the day of the arrival of James II. at St. Germain, and the celebrated pin fastened to the two ends of the ribbon with a paper, on which was written the anecdote that rendered the pin of such intrinsic value. To open the paper, to read the legend, to take possession of the pin, and break the amber case, was, for Madame de Barry, only the work of a moment; who, giving herself up to all the despotism of her own will, never listened to any thing that was offered in opposition to it. "I shall keep this pin," said she, "and it shall, this day, fasten the plume of feathers I mean to wear on my head." In vain the King tried to oppose his arguments against it: there are cases in which opposition only is the forerunner of new weaknesses. The King declared he would not expose himself to the consequences of losing this pin, so precious to his grandfather: but his mistress, as careless as she was insolent, had already gained her apartment, and was occupied in fastening an elegant plume of feathers with that very pin, which had been heretofore consecrated to glory and to love.

This little incident happened precisely at that moment when M.

D'Aguillon felt almost certain of seeing that intrigue end happily which he had formed with Madame de Barry, to dismiss from court M. de Choiseul.

The minister, as fortunate as he was adroit, had, for a long time, suffered the storm to gather over his head; and without embarrassing his numerous friends by his fears, and who, by their imprudence might only have injured him, he appeared always easy, and sure of keeping in his exalted station.

In the meantime things came to that crisis, that, yielding to the instances and importunities of those who surrounded him, he consented, from mere complaisance, to take a step which wounded his own vanity, but which appeared the only way of parrying the last stroke levelled at him by the King's mistress and her powerful party.

He had alway thought that there were only two ways for an able and captivating man to succeed with a woman, who might be, perhaps, his most inveterate enemy. These methods had always been successful, and with a head as fertile as his, to think and act were the same thing. He, therefore, approached the Countess, and seemed to contemplate her with admiration: he spoke to her with gaiety and freedom; slightly lamented that he had caused her that momentary ill-humour, which only served to render her yet more lovely; and assured her that one quarter of an hour's conversation would easily destroy all those prejudices that she had conceived against him: and he made himself so insinuating, that the triumvirate, composed of the Chancellor, the Duke D'Aguillon, and the Abbé Teray, began to fear the success of an intrigue which had, till then, seemed so well conducted. Again they assailed the Countess, and endeavoured to keep her from forming any connexion with so formidable a

man. But the rendezvous, under the title of explanation of business, had already been appointed (and was to take place in the minister's cabinet) by the dangerous favourite, who was highly amused in keeping the matter secret, and whether through caprice, or from the wish of not appearing inconsequent, she would not give it up, but promised to reject, in the most positive manner, every proposal that might be inimical to the interests of her friends.

It is right to inform the reader, before we proceed any further, that for several days the King had asked, with some degree of ill-humour, and that over and over again, of Madame de Barry to restore him the pin; but she, to vex him, always told him she had lost it: and when the King wished to make her sensible that this pin had formerly belonged to Louis XIV. and was even connected with some of the most important circumstances of his life, she ought, he told her, not only to have preserved it, but to have respected it. But Madame de Barry, from the mere spirit of contradiction, made the pin subservient to the most whimsical offices. Sometimes she would make use of it to fasten the Chancellor's wig to her window-curtain, who, when he rose to retire, exhibited his hideous bare head.—Sometimes she would pierce with it the lame leg of the Abbé Teray; or the back of Cardinal Giraudi; who, in quality of the Pope's nuncio, thought it an honour to put the slippers of the favourite on her pretty little feet: and all these mischievous tricks only rendered the pin doubly dear to Madame de Barry.

At length the day of rendezvous arrived. It was at six o'clock; and the King had been at the chace: he was expected to return late. Monsieur de Choiseul had put off twenty important rendezvous. Eve-

ry thing seemed to conspire to set his mind at ease, and to afford him every hope of a reconciliation; which, though it wounded his pride, he thought he ought not to refuse to his friends.

The two folding-doors were thrown open, and Madame de Barry made her appearance, in a dress conspicuous more for its elegance than for its splendour; her beautiful tresses hung in careless ringlets, but in the arrangement of which the utmost art had been resorted to; and she wore, on one side of her bosom, a superb *bouquet* of those flowers that were in season, fastened together with a knot of ribbons, and fixed to her bust by the famous pin. She appeared like Venus descending from Mount Olympus: but, unfortunately, the ideas of Monsieur de Choiseul were merely terrestrial; and, in the beautiful Countess before him, he saw no other deity than the charming *ci-devant* courtesan, L'Ange.

"Well, Monsieur," said she, flinging herself on a sofa, "you will not do what I require of you; I am very angry with you, that you may be assured of: it is not with impunity that a woman in my situation should be denied what she asks, and I hope the King will see justice done me." The air of dignity with which she pronounced these words, was so diametrically opposite to the voluptuousness of her outward appearance, that the Duke could not forbear smiling; and answered her by a flattering kind of sarcasm, of which she felt all the point. She replied with an acrimony that Monsieur de Choiseul affected to mistake for mere caprice, only put on

to give more variety to her attractions, and which he thought to put an end to by his termerity. Perhaps he might not have met with a repulse had not that confounded pin, always fated to play an important part, presented its point, tore a beautiful lace ruffle, and most *unmercifully scratched his wrist*. He cried out, and quitted her in haste. Madame de Barry, who had no notion of the accident that had befallen him, thought herself insulted in the very moment when, perhaps, she was on the point of granting his pardon. She precipitately quitted the apartment, without the bleeding hand daring to detain her. The minister was dismissed two days afterwards; and as he was going to Chanteloup, the place of his exile, as every one in the carriage was speaking of the cause of his disgrace, he answered by the following words, which were an enigma to them all—"A pin has changed the destiny of France."

Scarce had the favourite gained her own apartment, before the King returned from hunting. His mistress flew to meet him, impressed with the desire of vengeance for the imaginary affront she had received.—Never had the monarch beheld her so tender. This gave him an opportunity of asking her again for the pin: it was restored to him, again carefully put by, without the monarch imagining how useful it had been to him.

We will now leave the pin safe lodged again in the royal casket, and we shall soon see how it got out in the succeeding reign, never to be placed there again.

[To be concluded in our next.]

From the Ladies' Monthly Museum, for March, 1818.

MARY ASHFORD.

THE mysterious and tragical fate of this lovely and unfortunate girl, has excited so strong an interest in the publick mind, that, in order to gratify our subscribers, we have been induced to depart

from our usual custom, and, instead of presenting them with a portrait and memoir of a female distinguished either by the splendour of her rank, or the lustre of her talents, we have taken considerable pains, and gone to some expense, to procure a faithful likeness, and some authentick particulars of the life of this sweet flower, so early and so cruelly blighted.

Mary Ashford was the daughter of an honest and respectable gardener, who lives near the Cross Keys at Erdington, on the Birmingham road. Her grandfather resides near Bell-lane, in the same parish. Mary received such an education as is usually bestowed upon females in the humble class of life to which she belonged; but she promised, at a very early age, to rise superiour to her situation by the graces of her mind and person. She was rather above the middle size, the most skilful sculptor might have selected her form as a model for a Venus; her finely turned limbs seemed polished by the hand of symmetry; and a rare union of expression and sweetness with regularity of feature, rendered her countenance as beautiful as her figure was perfect.

These personal graces, added to a disposition the most open and ingenuous, an affectionate heart, and an amiable temper, rendered her the pride and delight of her friends. Some time before the shocking catastrophe which we are about to relate, took place, she went to reside with her uncle, a small farmer, who lives at Langley Heath, three miles from Erdington; and, during her stay with him, she behaved, as she had always done, in the most reserved and prudent manner.

So lovely a girl could not have been without admirers; but it has been proved, that, although she had a great share of vivacity, it was so tempered by discretion, that scandal

itself could not cast an aspersion on her fair fame, and she was universally respected in the neighbourhood where she resided.

She had nearly attained her twentieth year, when she was solicited to go to a dance at Tyburn, which takes place annually, on the 26th of May, after a feast held on that day: it was to be at a publick house, kept by a man of the name of Daniel Clarke. Mary, who was of a retired and domestick turn, at first declined going; but the entreaties of a friend, and the love of amusement, so natural at her age, prevailed on her to consent; and it was settled, that she should call upon a young person with whom she had long been intimate, of the name of Hannah Cox, who lives at Erdington, in the service of Mr. Machin, and that they should proceed to the scene of festivity at Tyburn.

On the morning of 26th, Mary called for her friend, and they proceeded together to the house of Mrs. Butler, the mother of Hannah Cox. Mary, after a short stay, departed for Birmingham Market, promising to return in the evening; she came back about six o'clock, changed her dress, and proceeded with her friend, Hannah, to the house of Mr. Clarke.

The unfortunate girl was dressed in the neat and plain style which became her situation in life. She looked that evening uncommonly lovely, and soon attracted the admiration of all the young men present; one of them, Abraham Thornton, eagerly inquired who she was, and on being told her name, he expressed, in terms which we must not stain our pages by repeating, his determination to possess her, even though it should cost him his life.

He immediately solicited her hand for the dance which she readily gave him; during the remainder of the evening they danced together,

and he was observed to pay her great attention. About 12 o'clock, she quitted the house of Clarke, accompanied by her friend Hannah Cox, and attended by Thornton. Mary and her partner walked on together, Hannah, and a person of the name of Benjamin Carter, for some time followed them. Carter, however, soon returned back to the dancing room, and shortly afterwards Hannah wished them good night, and proceeded home. Mary having previously told her, that she intended to sleep at her grandfather's, Mr. Coleman, near Bell-lane.

About four o'clock, Hannah was roused from her sleep by Mary, who called to change her clothes, before she returned home. She appeared perfectly calm and cheerful; she told her friend that Thornton had remained with her for a considerable time, that he had professed great admiration of her, and had endeavoured, by persuasion, and the most violent protestations of affection, to induce her to submit to his desires. It was easy to see by the serene expression of her innocent countenance that he had not succeeded. She did not stop to comment on his behaviour, but quitted Mrs. Butler's immediately on changing her dress, and proceeded towards her home; that home, alas! which she was destined never to reach with life; for on the following morning, about seven o'clock, she was found drowned in a pit, near Pen's Mills in the parish of Sutton Coldfield!

The body was discovered through the means of a labourer of the name of Jackson, who, passing by the pit, was alarmed on perceiving a bonnet, a pair of shoes, and a bundle on the edge of it. He instantly summoned assistance; the pit was searched; and the body of the unfortunate girl taken from it.

It is impossible consistently with delicacy to state even the substance of the evidence; suffice it to say, that it was satisfactorily proved to the jury, that violence had been offered by a ruffian force to virgin innocence; and the inference naturally drawn, was, that the wretch who had despoiled the ill-fated Mary of her honour, had afterwards, in order to conceal the diabolical deed, precipitated her, while yet alive, into the pit; for it was proved, by some weeds which were found in her stomach, that she must have been still living when she was thrown into the water.

Abraham Thornton was directly taken into custody, upon suspicion of having committed this double crime; and the proofs against him were apparently strong. He acknowledged that he had obtained possession of her person, though he denied that it was by force. He owned likewise, that he had accompanied her to the door of Mrs. Butler's, where he quitted her, and went to his home. But in contradiction to this last assertion, were the foot-marks distinctly visible in a furrowed field, close to the pit where the innocent victim was found. These foot-marks appeared to be those of two persons, one of whom had been evidently pursued by the other; they were then traced for some paces close together; and they answered exactly to the shoes of Abraham and Mary.

About forty yards from the pit, the foot-marks ceased, the ground being too hard to retain them; but near the edge of the pit, the print of a man's foot was distinctly visible; this mark also answered to the shoe of Thornton, as did footsteps which traced alone from the pit across the harrowed field.

These were "damning proofs," yet it was impossible to substantiate the charge of murder, because the

witnesses for Thornton proved, that he was seen at a distance of more than three miles from the pit at half past four that morning; and as it was ten minutes past four when the unfortunate girl quitted Mrs. Butler's, and ten minutes, or more, must have elapsed before she could have reached the fatal spot, Thornton could not consequently have had quite ten minutes to perpetrate the diabolical act, and to walk more than three miles; it was consequently deemed impossible for him to have committed the murder, and the jury accordingly returned a verdict of acquittal.

So strong, however, was the publick prejudice against him, that subscriptions were entered into by the inhabitants of Birmingham and its vicinity, to defray the expense of a new trial; and the Court of King's Bench exhibited the novel spectacle of an appeal of murder, for the first time that such a circumstance has taken place during forty-seven years.

This appeal was made by William Ashford, brother to the unfortunate deceased. The court was crowded to excess, and every eye was turned with sympathy on the young and interesting appellant, a lad of about seventeen, of an ingenuous and prepossessing countenance. On the appeal being read, and the appellee being asked whether he was guilty or not guilty, he answered, "NOT GUILTY; AND I AM READY TO DEFEND THE SAME BY MY BODY."

Now according to the laws of appeal, which, though long obsolete, are still in force, the person against whom an appeal of murder is made,

has the privilege of demanding to meet his adversary in single combat; and by the issue of that combat his guilt or innocence is established; if he kills the appellant, or even succeeds in maintaining the fight from the rising of the sun, till the stars appear in the evening, he is declared innocent. If he is defeated, he is pronounced guilty.

The counsel for William Ashford refused this demand in the name of his client. He commented very properly on the disproportion of age and strength between the parties, one of whom is a mere youth of slight figure, the other a man of mature age, of a vigorous and athletic make. It was then suggested that Ashford should put in a counterplea; which he did, praying that a new trial might take place without Abraham Thornton being permitted to *wage battle*.

[*Note.*—The Appeal of Murder against Abraham Thornton was terminated on the 20th of April, after a long and patient investigation. The counsel for the appellant, not having any fresh evidence to adduce, the judges on the bench declared, that they had no power to bring him to any other trial than that of *waging battle*, however averse they were to the obsolete law of the land, as it now stands, and, if that were not accepted, must let him go *sine die*. This cause has excited great interest; the court has been crowded to excess on each hearing; and Thornton seemed much elated at the decision; but the publick were so indignant, that they were obliged to let him out by a private entrance.]

From the Monthly Magazine, for July, 1818.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

THERE were in Rome two gentlemen of good families, and were such inseparable companions, easy circumstances, whose names that they were together day and

were Janni and Ciucolo. They were such inseparable companions, easy circumstances, whose names that they were together day and

night; and were fonder of each other than brothers.

One day, when they were together, Janni said to his friend, "Is it with thee as it is with me?" "How dost thou mean?" asked the other. "Why, (said Janni,) notwithstanding all my economy, I cannot get on in the world: on the contrary, I find, at the end of every year, that I have lost, rather than gained; and am got into debt." "In faith, (replied Ciucolo,) I am not without my grievances; for I have got such a vixen of a wife, as is not to be found in the world besides: she is more like a devil than a woman. There is really no living with her: for, in spite of all the attentions I can pay her, she torments me so, from morning to night, that I do not know what in the world to do with her."

"I think (said Janni,) it would be as well to take some advice respecting our cases."—"With all my heart," said Ciucolo: and so they set off, and went to a wise man, named Bœtius.

"Sir, (said Janni to him,) we are come to ask you what we should do? As for me, though I pinch and save the whole year, I always find myself in debt at the end of it: which, considering the income I have, appears to me very extraordinary." "And I (said Ciucolo) have got the most perverse vixen in the world for a wife." Bœtius made no other reply to Janni than, *Get up in a morning*; and to Ciucolo, *Go to the bridge of St. Angelo*; and sent them away. This short answer greatly surprized them: and they said to one another, "What a brute of a fellow this is: when one of us asks him respecting his affairs, he says, get up in a morning: and tells the other to go to the bridge of St. Angelo:" and so they went away laughing at him.

One morning, however, Janni happened to get up earlier than

usual; and, hiding himself behind a door, he saw one of his servants secretly carrying off a large jar of oil, and another a piece of salt meat. On this, he kept watch for several mornings; and saw sometimes the men, and sometimes the maids, carrying off corn and flour; and some one thing, and some another. "No wonder (says he to himself,) that I am minus at the year's end." Calling his footman, therefore, he said to him, "Go about your business; and do not let me see you in this house again." He also sent the maids off in the same manner; and, having made a clear house, he hired fresh servants, and began to look after his affairs himself; and, at the year's end, he found that he had gained, instead of having lost, as before. On this, he went, and told his friend Ciucolo what early rising had done for him. "If this be the case, (said Ciucolo,) I will certainly try whether there was any meaning in the answer that I got;" and so he went the next day to the bridge of St. Angelo.

After he had sat there awhile, there came a mule-driver, with some loaded mules; one of which turned restive, and would not go over the bridge: on which the mule-driver took hold of the halter to lead him. This, however, answered no purpose: for, the more he pulled, the more the mule held back; whereupon he began to be angry, and to thump him: but this seemed only to make him more obstinate. The mule-driver, at last, lost all patience; and, taking the staff with which he tightened the cords of his pack, he belaboured the mule before, and behind, and all over; and gave such free vent to his rage, that, at last, he fairly broke the staff over him. The mule was, however, by this time become perfectly manageable; and the mule-driver, having made him pass backwards and forwards over the

bridge several times, in order to be satisfied that the whim was gone out of his head, proceeded on his business. All this was carefully noted by Ciucolo, who said to himself, "Now I know what I have to do;" and, getting up, he walked straight home,—determined to profit by the lesson he had received.

He was greeted, on his arrival, with the usual storm from his wife; who demanded where he had been all that time? Ciucolo, however, took it calmly, and made no reply; hinting, only, that she had better be quiet. "Indeed, (exclaimed she,) touch me if you dare: you may repent that you have had the audacity to talk of it." "Take care, (said her husband,) that you do not rouse me; for I will make you remember it if you do."—"Truly, (said the lady,) if I supposed you dare so much as think of it, my brothers should give you such a dressing as you would never forget as long you lived; and you do not know what you may get, as it is." "Thou art the very devil," said Ciucolo; and, rising up, he gave her a cuff: at which she screamed, and flew into a terrible rage.

Ciucolo, on this, took a stick, and laid on her till he broke it; and then he took another, and laid on again. So that, at last, she began to cry for mercy: but he only belaboured her the more,—threatening that he would be the death of her. The lady seeing her husband thus resolute, and being by this time pretty well bruised, fell on her knees, saying, "My dear, pray forbear, and will I never be cross again." Ciucolo, in order to render the cure complete, ordered her to march up and down the room, as often as he pleased,—every now and then administering a thwack with both hands. From that blessed hour the lady sought to please her husband in all things; and became the most mild and gentle woman in Rome.

Thus did Ciucolo drive the maggots out of his wife's head; and, from a state of constant hostility and unhappiness, brought her to live with him, for ever afterwards, in peace and harmony. And let every man that hath a scolding wife take pattern from Ciucolo,—as he did from the mule-driver.

From the *Edinburg Magazine*, for June, 1812.

THE REVENGE OF TIRINIE: A HIGHLAND LEGEND.

[The following story is still preserved in the popular traditions of the district where the events it commemorates are supposed to have happened. The fabulous exaggerations with which it is garnished, and the ferocious deeds it describes, naturally correspond to the medium through which it has been transmitted, and the state of society to which it refers. It was presented to the Editors by a gentleman well versed in Celtick literature, and is now given to our readers, as he received it, without alteration or embellishment.—

Edit.]

BEFORE the fourteenth century, great animosities had arisen betwixt the Cumings and the Macin-

toshes, a branch of the last having considerable possessions lying contiguous to those of Cuming, Earl of Badenoch and Athole. This nobleman's lady was reported to have possessed a most voracious appetite, to gratify which she was under the necessity of oppressing the poor tenants to an extreme degree. It is said that she usually devoured a chopin of marrow every day, besides having her table covered with a profusion of dainties. By extravagancies of this kind, she so far reduced her estate, that, her vassals being no longer able either to pay

their rents or till the ground, she was obliged to have recourse to her more wealthy neighbours, by soliciting presents from them, which practice in Scotland goes under the name of *thigging*. After ranging the country in search of presents, she told her husband what success she met with among her friends, and that the great Macintosh of Tirinie had given her twelve cows and a bull. This piece of generosity, instead of making him thankful for such a valuable present, only tended to excite his envy at the opulence of his neighbour. He dreaded his greatness, and from thenceforth devised his destruction, to facilitate which, he gave out that that gentleman had been too familiar with his lady. This, he thought, was a specious pretext, and a sufficient ground of quarrel. He now waited a favourable opportunity of executing his design, which he soon accomplished, by surrounding this gentleman's castle of Tomafuir, (a short mile from his own residence of Blair Athole,) in the silent hour of midnight, and most cruelly massacred the whole family, sleeping securely in their beds, suspecting no harm. This done, he seized upon his possessions, which were the most extensive of any gentleman's in that country.

Near the murdered gentleman's place lived an old man, who held a small piece of land of him, for which he only paid a bonnet yearly. His master always gave him his old bonnet when he received the new one; for which reason that piece of land is still called the Bonnet Croft, and the tenant thereof was called the Bigstone Carle, because he built his house beside a large stone, which served as a side or gable to his house. The above old man wondered how his master's place could be so quiet, and, perceiving no smoke in the morning after the slaughter, went at last to know the cause.

He no sooner entered, than he saw some of their mangled bodies lying lifeless on the floor. Astonished at such a shocking spectacle, he examined them all over, in expectation of finding some remains of life, but in vain. Overwhelmed with grief, he turned up the cradle in search of an infant, who was known by the name of Dwindling Hugh, and, to his no small joy, found him alive, but almost crushed to death with the weight of the cradle and clothes. He eagerly seized the child, and carried him to his grandfather by the mother's side, Macglashan of Innervack, who sent him to a near relation in Argyllshire, of the name of Campbell, in order to be out of Cuming's way, where he was carefully brought up. The old man who carried him thither came often to see him, but, on account of the greatness of the Cumings every where in Scotland, it was thought prudent to conceal his birth from him, until he was of age to make head against them. Though he was long weakly, he at length recovered and grew up to manhood, was a very promising youth, and an excellent bowman, which made his aged conductor entertain hopes of his being some time or other able to revenge the murder of his family. Coming one time to see him, and perceiving his dexterity at hitting the mark, he told him, that the breast of the man who killed his father was much broader,—which greatly surprised the youth, who knew nothing of it before. The old man immediately informed him, with all the feeling of an old servant and dependant of the family, of his birth and misfortune. The young gentleman listened with the utmost concern, and being sensibly touched at the barbarous treatment of his parents, he burst out into tears, and poured out his soul in the bosom of his faithful guardian. Being now fully acquainted with what had hap-

pened, he grew impatient for the recovery of his birth-right, and the punishment of the perpetrators of the massacre. It is scarce credible what pleasure the old man felt at finding the dear object of his care now ready to accompany him to his own country. They both solicited his relations for a select band of warriors to march against his enemy, who were soon prevailed upon to grant their request. Accordingly, twenty-four able men, well armed, were raised, who immediately set out and arrived at his grandfather's, who joined them with other eight. From thence they betook themselves to the wood of Little Uvrard, where they remained very quiet until they received intelligence from Hugh's nurse. Calling at her door, she asked who it was at such a late hour. He replied that he was Hugh McIntosh. It is like your voice, says she, but if you'll breathe in through the key-hole, I'll know for certain whether you are my Hugh, which he instantly did, and she knowing his breath immediately let him in, and congratulated him on his safe arrival. His nurse was sent to learn something of Cuming, and returned with news of his going to the bridge of Tilt, about a mile off, to divert himself with his troop. Upon this information they set out in two divisions, one of which being commanded by Macglashan, went to keep him from returning to his castle; and the other, commanded by Hugh, accompanied by the old man, went in search of him. As soon as they were perceived by Cuming to be enemies, he fled towards his castle, when he was met by the other division, who, after killing several about the castle walls, pursued them up a narrow valley called Glen Tilt, killing and wounding many in the pursuit,—the nose being shot off one at a rivulet bearing his name,—another was shot through the belly at Alt na Marag, *i. e.* "the pudding rill," because his entrails came out. While they were thus hotly pursued up the Glen by Macglashan, the other division commanded by Hugh, took a near cut round a mountain, and was a considerable way beyond them, and waited for their coming up. It is said, that the old man was always the foremost of his company, and when he saw them approach, he prepared himself, and in a fierce warlike tone, said to the young gentleman, "Here comes the great Cuming riding foremost; if you let him escape, you deserve a coward's death." On which Hugh instantly drew an arrow and shot Cuming through the heart from the other side of a small lake called Loch-loch. He fell upon a broad stone at the road side, where, according to custom, a heap of stones was raised in remembrance thereof, still to be seen, called Cuming's Cairn. Such monuments are called by the Highlanders Cairne folachd, *i. e.* Cairns of hatred.

POETRY.

From the Edinburgh Magazine, for June, 1818.

THE LEGEND OF THE ROSE.

To godon to law epaw.

LADY, one who loves thee well,
Sent me here with thee to dwell;
I bring with me thy lover's sigh,
I come with thee to live and die;
To live with thee,—belov'd,—carest,—
To die upon that gentle breast!

Sweeter than the Myrtle wreath,
Of love and joy my blossoms breathe—
LOVE! whose name thy breast alarms,
Yet who heightens all thy charms,—
Who lends thy cheek its orient dies,
Who triumphs in thy laughing eyes—
—'Twas from him I borrow'd, too,
My sweet perfume,—my purple hue;
His fragrant breath my buds exhale,
My bloom—Ah, lady! list my tale.

I was the Summer's fairest pride,
The Nightingale's betrothed bride; *
In Shiraz' bowers I sprung to birth
When Love first lighted on the earth,
And then my pure inodorous blossom,
Blooming on its thornless tree,
Was snowy as his mother's bosom,
Rising from the emerald sea.

Young Love, rambling through the
wood,
Found me in my solitude,
Bright with dew and freshly blown,
And trembling to the Zephyr's sighs;
But, as he stopt to gaze upon
The living gem with raptured eyes,
It chanced a Bee was busy there
Searching for its fragrant fare;
And Cupid stooping, too, to sip,
The angry insect stung his lip,—
And, gushing from the ambrosial cell,
One bright drop on my bosom fell!

Weeping, to his Mother he
Told the tale of treachery;
And she, her vengeful boy to please,
Strung his bow with captive Bees, †

* The loves of the Rose and Nightingale are a frequent theme among the Oriental poets.—“You may place a hundred handfuls of fragrant herbs and flowers before the Nightingale, yet he wishes not, in his constant heart, for more than the sweet breath of his beloved Rose.”—*Jami*.

† *Camdeo*, or *Ca'ma'de'va*, the Hindoo Cupid, is represented as a beautiful youth sometimes conversing with his mother and consort in the midst of his gardens and temples; sometimes riding by moonlight on a parrot or lory, &c. His bow of sugarcane or flowers, with a string of Bees, and his five arrows, each pointed with an Indian blossom of a heating quality, are allegories equally new and beautiful.—*Sir W. Jones*.

Mr. Southey has very finely availed himself of *Camdeo's* bowstring of living bees, in his poem of *Kehama*.

But placed upon my slender stem,
The poison'd stings she pluck'd from
them;

And none, since that eventful morn,
Has found the Flower without a Thorn.

Yet, even the sorrows Love doth send,
But more divine enchantments lend:
Still in Beauty's sweetest bowers
Blooms the Rose, the Queen of Flowers,
Brightening with the sanguine stains,
Borrow'd from celestial veins,—
And breathing of the kiss she caught
From Love's own lips with rapture
fraught!

SONNET.

Of love, and love's delight no more I sing,
Nor praise Eliza's soft bewitching eye,
And sunny locks descending gracefully
O'er that fair bosom, like an angel's wing
Floating in light. Alas! the joyous string,
That breath'd responsive to love's blissful
sigh,

Ill suits the heart, where hope and fancy
die

Like flowers untimely blighted in their
spring.

Yet doth the memory of those gentle days
In its fix'd sadness soothe my darken'd
mind,

And tempt oft-times to meditate the lays
In hours of happiness for Her designed—
Whose lovely image, neither fates un-
kind,

Nor time, nor absence, from my breast
can raze.

LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Collected from the English Magazines, for July, 1818.

Sir R. C. Hoare has in press, a supplemental quarto volume to Eustace's Classical Tour in Italy, enlarged by a Tour round Sicily, &c.

The first vol. of the transactions of the Royal Geological society of Cornwall will shortly appear.

The learned and amiable *Bishop of St. Davids* has in the press, the *Grand Schism*, or the Roman Catholicicks of G. Britain and Ireland, shown to be separatists from the Church of England.

The Rev. R. Morrison, is printing at Macao, an extensive Chinese and English Dictionary, containing 40,000 characters.

Mr. W. T. Franklin has just completed the 3rd, and last volume of the memoirs of the life and writings of his grandfather, Dr. B. Franklin.

Translations of memoirs of Lucien Bonaparte, and of Anecdotes of the Court and family of Napoleon, are just ready for publication.

Capt. Golownin, is preparing for publication, his recollections of Japan, comprising a particular account of the religion, language, government, laws, and manners of the people.

The British and Foreign Bible Society, distributed, from March 31, 1817, to March 31, 1818, 89,795 Bibles, and 104,306 Testaments; the subscriptions for the same period were 68,359*l*. 10*s*. 9*d*. and sales by Bibles 13,620*l*. 0*s*. 2*d*.—Total receipts 81,979*l*. 10*s*. 11*d*.—Total payments 71,099*l*. 1*s*. 6*d*.

It appears that there are no less than 415 christian missionaries now employed in various parts of the world, in endeavouring to substitute their peculiar faith for the religion of the several countries:—They consist of Churchmen, Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Calvinists, Lutherans, Swedenborgians, &c. and it is said they make great progress among the barbarous tribes of Asia, Africa, and America.

Austria.—By the last geographical details published in *Austria*, the population of that

empire amounts to 27,613,000 souls. In this number are included 11,750 Slavonians; 5,000,000 of Italians; 4,800,000 of Germans; 400,000 of Hungarians, &c.—As to their religion, they are divided into 21,000,000 Catholics, 2,500,000 belonging to the Greek church, 2,000,000 reformed Lutherans, 1,450,000 Lutherans, 400,000 Jews, and 40,000 Unitarians.

MR. BELZONI, a learned Italian, is at this time engaged for the British government in collecting antiquities for the British Museum. He lately addressed the following interesting account of his labours to M. Visconti, at Paris:

Cairo, January 9, 1818.

I have just arrived from Upper Egypt, and am preparing to return to Nubia for the third time.

In my first journey to Thebes in 1816, I had succeeded in embarking on the Nile the upper part of the famous statue of Memnon. The grand wreck, which has lain for so many centuries amidst the ruins of the palace destroyed by Cambyses, is now on its way to the British Museum. It is a colossal bust, of a single block of granite, ten feet in height from the breast to the top of the head, and twelve tons in weight. Other travellers before me had conceived the design of transporting it to Europe, and renounced it only from not conceiving the means of effecting it. The great difficulty was in moving such a mass for the space of two miles, until it arrived at the Nile, whereby alone it could be conveyed to Alexandria. I succeeded in effecting it, without the aid of any machine, by the sole power of the arms of some Arabs; however ill qualified this people, now sunk into the indolence of savage life, may be for such rude labours. As such, it has been the work of six months.

From Thebes I went up towards Nubia, to examine the great temple of Ybsambul, which is buried more than double its height in the sands, near the second cataract. There I found the inhabitants very ill-disposed towards my projects, and from whom I prepared to encounter some difficulties. However, the season being too advanced, was my sole motive in deferring this enterprise to another time.

In the mean time I returned to Thebes, where I occupied myself in new searches at the Temple of Karnack. There I found, several feet under ground, a range of sphinxes surrounded by a wall. These sphinxes, with heads of lions on the busts of women, are of black granite, of the usual size; and, for the most part, of beautiful execution. There was, in the same place, a statue of Jupiter Ammon, in white marble. It was not until my second journey, in 1817, that I discovered the head of a colossus much greater than that of Memnon. This head of granite, and of a single block, is (by itself ten feet from the neck to the top of the mitre, with which it is crowned. Nothing can be in better preservation. The polish is still as beautiful as if it had but just come from the hands of the statuary.

After this I again took the road to Nubia, where some severe trials awaited me. The people of this country are quite savages, without any idea of hospitality. They refused us things the most necessary; entreaties and promises had no effect on them. We were reduced to live upon Turkish corn soaked in water. At length, by dint of patience and courage, after twenty-two days persevering labour, I had the joy of finding myself in the Temple of Ybsambul, where no European has ever before entered, and which presents the greatest excavation in Nubia or in Egypt, if we except the tombs which I have since discovered at Thebes.

The Temple of Ybsambul is 152 feet long, and contains fourteen apartments, and an immense court, where we discovered eight colossal figures thirty feet high. The columns and the walls are covered with hieroglyphics and figures very well preserved. This temple has then been spared by Cambyses, and the other ravagers who came after him. I brought some antiquities from thence—two lions with the heads of vultures, and a small statue of Jupiter Ammon.

On returning again to Thebes, I applied myself once more to discover what has been, from time immemorial, the object of discovery for all travellers of every nation—I mean the tombs of the kings of Egypt.

It is known that, independent of those tombs which are open, there existed several under ground, but no person has yet discovered in what place. By means of observations on the situation of Thebes, I at length found the index that should lead me on the way. After various excavations, I succeeded in discovering six of these tombs, one of which is that of Apis, as it seems to be pointed out by the mummy of an ox, found there. This mummy is filled with asphalt. For the rest, nothing that I can say would enable you to conceive the grandeur and magnificence of this tomb.

This is undoubtedly the most curious and the most astonishing thing in Egypt, and which gives the highest idea of the labours of its ancient inhabitants. The interior, from one extremity to the other, is 309 feet, and contains a great number of chambers and corridors. The walls are entirely covered with hieroglyphics and bas-reliefs, painted in fresco. The colours are of a brightness to which nothing, within our knowledge, is to be compared; and are so well preserved, that they appear to have been just laid on. But the most beautiful antiquity of this place, in the principal chamber, is a sarcophagus of a single piece of alabaster, nine feet seven inches long, by three feet nine inches wide, within and without equally covered with hieroglyphics and carved figures. This large vessel has the sound of a silver bell, and the transparency of glass. There can be no doubt that, when I shall have transported it to England, as I hope to do, it will be esteemed one of the most precious articles in our European Museums.